LITERARY TABLET.

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SELECTIONS.

OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE,
Or the Golden Era of the Roman Literature.

As the empire had extended itſelf to the remoteſt regions, Rome became of courſe the centre, not only of the government of the world, but, in a manner, of all the learning, arts and ſciences contained in it. The largeſt city of the world, comprehending about four milions of people, under the government of a prince that patronized learning, muſt have produced wonders in literature.

Titus Livy, the hiſtorian, ſhone at this period; a vaſt genius, and equal to the magnificence of the Roman empire. Of all writers in this department, he is endowed with the greateſt command of language, and the warmeſt, and moſt correct fancy. Hence his narration is ever entertaining, and preſents a lively picture. His ſuperſtition is not only excuſable, but even commendable; as it proceeds from a love of religion, and throws more of intereſt into his manner.

His ſpeeches are even more eloquent than Cicero's, being animated with a grandeur and pathos, that wonderfully touch the heart, and elevate the imagination. He is at all times ſupremely elegant; yet without affectation or labor. He is correct, yet ſimple; often conciſe, yet never obſcure; full, yet never redundant; in fine, from the native ſtrength of his own genius, he ſeems, like Homer, to pour out his ſentences, by a kind of inſpiration, without art, in a full, varied, and eaſy melody.

On the other hand, Curtius and Salluſt, his contemporaries, are manneriſts in hiſtory.

With leſs imagination, and real dignity, their ſtyle is more artfully pompous and deſcriptive. Salluſt is elegant and laconic. His conciſeneſs, however, produces perſpicuity and ſtrength; he abounds in reflections, and particularly excels in drawing characters. His manner has been often copied by ſucceeding writers, but moſt of all by Tacitus. Monteſquieu, of the moderns, has imitated his laconiciſm to a degree that is exceſſive, and creates obſcurity in writings that are otherwiſe invaluable.

Of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.

To mention Virgil and Horace, is to mention every thing great and excellent in poetry. Under them, the Epick and Lyrick Muſe ſoared to Heaven in bold and high ſtrains of genuine poetry; and ſeem to emulate the loftieſt flights of their Grecian predeceſſors. Though the Roman language, in harmony, eaſe, and dignity, falls far below the Greek; yet, in the hands of ſuch accompliſhed bards it acquired a new and majeſtic energy.

Horace excells all other poets in the variety of his compoſitions, and the eaſe of his manner. He is the moſt charming of elegant writers. He even trifles with grace; and, whether gay or ſerious, he is always engaging, almoſt always moral. His ſubjects concern mankind in general, and find their intereſt in every breaſt.

His moralities are frequent and various, eſpecially in his odes; in which he imitates the conciſe and rapid manner of Pindar. His Satires abound in wit, and exhibit a natural and laughable picture of the follies and vices of the times. His Epiſtles, more particularly, diſplay his own heart and life; in which there is every thing to engage our love and eſteem.

His good ſenſe, candor and honeſty are eminent on all occaſions. His love of virtue and moderate pleaſure, ſeem to have flowed in one channel, untainted with ill nature, envy, or extravagance of any kind. His philoſophy, indeed, ſeems ſome times in favor of Epicurus, but it is oftener of that kind called electic; that is, it picks and culls out of every philoſophy what it thinks beſt. His temper, ever ſocial and cheerful, was too liberal and free to be a bigot to any particular ſect. Hence the conſtant ſerenity of his ſtyle; unclouded with that grave and ſerious mood ſo obſervable in Virgil; and which qualified the latter for the ſublime and tender, in which the former is his inferior.

It is remarkable that he never attempted Elegy, notwithſtanding he imitates the Grecian lyriſts in every other department. It is likely his qualification aroſe from the abovementioned cauſe; and it is the leſs to be regretted, as it gave his temper and genius that eaſy and diſengaged manner that fitted him for a greater variety of ſubjects; ſuch as the lighter and higher Ode, the familiar Epiſtle, the Humorous Satire, in all which both poetic eaſe and energy are conſpicuous; a ſmiling kind of wit predominates, the moſt familiar and natural imagery are introduced; and a ſtyle ſo happy and expreſſive is employed, that the Curioſa Filicitas of Horace, has become, as it were proverbial, and deſcribes whatever is moſt elegant and graceful in compoſition.

The ſtyle of Ovid, who lived at this time, is in no degree comparable to thoſe juſt now mentioned. It is tarniſhed by a mixed kind of wit that meets the reader almoſt every where, ſeldom or never riſes to the true ſublime; and can only, at beſt, be called ſmooth or beautiful. Often, however, he tells a ſtory extremely well; is chiefly valuable for his vaſt reading; and for connecting together, with wonderful art, and in one chain, all the Grecian and barbarian fables; which renders his chief work, the metamorphoſes, ſingular in its kind, and both valuable and entertaining to after ages.

In this work his account of the Deluge, ſtory of Phæton, Pyramus and Thiſbe, Ceyx, Biblis, and the conteſt between Ajax and Ulyſſes, are, among the beſt of his pieces, and the leaſt debaſed of any with the above mixture of affected wit: to which we may add his entertaining account of Pythagoras and his doctrines.

His Love-elegies, but more particularly his books De Arte Amandi, and De Remedio Amoris, exhibit Ovid as a man of wit and imagination rather than of tenderneſs and feeling. As for his Art of Love, it teaches more the art of ſeduction and coquetry, than that of true and ſincere love. Indeed the very idea of reducing love to an art is abſurd; real love diſdains art, and has nothing to do with it; ſtill leſs, perhaps, than any of the paſſions. It is probable that Ovid's ſoul was not tuned to this delicate paſſion; he wanted ſenſibility for it. His miſtreſſes are all fictitious ones; and it is likely that even his Julia, the emperour's daughter had but too much of her father's vanity, and was one of thoſe unfeeling coquets, that are more pleaſed with the flattering attentions and affected airs of a beau and a coxcomb, than the ſighs of a real lover.

However the matter be, as to Julia, and whatever offence he may have otherwiſe given in his management of theſe poems, certain it is that his conſequent baniſhment by Auguſtus, to ſo remote and inhoſpitable a climate as that of Pontus and the Euxine ſea, inſpires us with pity for his ſufferings, and we cannot but think the puniſhment too ſevere for the crime, perhaps even worſe than death itſelf.

For what can be deemed a more cruel and unnatural tranſition, than the being removed, all at once, with diſgrace, from one's dear friends and acquaintance, from the court of Auguſtus, where he was honoured and reſpected, both by the emperour and the whole tribe of wits that adorned it; torn from his dear wife and only daughter, without a friend to accompany him; perhaps without money, without books; hurried, I ſay, all at once, from Rome, the capital of a vaſt empire, the centre of learning and politeneſs, and of all the pleaſures, wealth and luxuries of the then known world; to a deſert and barbarous land, the people and language of which he was an entire ſtranger to; to linger out the remainder of his days in diſgrace, ſilence and obſcurity, cut off from all his former pleaſures! what muſt have been his feelings? Accordingly, we find him bemoaning his fate in thoſe ten books of Epiſtles, ſix of which are compoſed of Elegies, the others go under the name of Triſtia; and here his

diſtreſs and deſpair are painted in very natural and touching colours.

We muſt obſerve, too, in Ovid's praiſe, that his Heroic Epiſtles, though inferior to Propertius and Tibulus, in expreſſing the ſofter feelings of love, are however, written with a good deal of nature, and exhibit the heart and perſonages they deſcribe, with conſiderable juſtneſs.

SIR BERTRAND.

A fragment, in imitation of an ancient romance.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

—Sir Bertrand turned his ſteed towards the woods, hoping to croſs thoſe dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a louring ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendor from her veil; and then inſtantly retired behind it, having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage a while urged him to puſh forwards; but, at length, the increaſing darkneſs, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up; and, turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpſe of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A drawbridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered; and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vaniſhed: at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent.—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed; and, approaching the houſe, traverſed it's whole front with light and ſlow footſteps.—All was ſtill as death!—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch; and, ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and, heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke. The noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again!—He repeated the ſtrokes more boldly, and louder. Another interval of ſilence enſued!—A third time he knocked; and a third time all was ſtill! He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front. It again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away as before;—at the ſame inſtant, a deep, ſudden toll, ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop!—He was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopped his flight; and, urged by honor, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch, and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand:—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled!—He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired He came to the foot of the ſtairs; and, after a moment's deliberation, aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—the flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed!—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs; and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerleſs in his—He dropped it, and ruſhed forwards with a deſperate valour. The ſtairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and looſe fragments of ſtones. The ſtair-caſe grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand puſhed it open—it led to an intricate winding paſſage, juſt large enough to admit a perſon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of a light ſerved to ſhew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep and hollow groan reſounded from a diſtance through the vault.—He went forwards; and, proceeding beyond the firſt turning, he diſcerned the ſame blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length ſuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midſt a figure appeared, completely armed, thruſting forwards the bloody ſtump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geſture, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly ſprung forwards; and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inſtantly vaniſhed, letting fall a maſſy iron key. The flame now reſted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—inſtantly the doors flew open, and diſcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin reſted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each ſide of it. Along the room on both ſides were gigantic ſtatues of black marble, attired in the Mooriſh habit, and holding enormous ſabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards as the knight entered; at the ſame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ſtill glided forwards; and Sir Bertrand reſolutely followed, till he arrived within ſix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a ſhroud and black veil roſe up in it, and ſtretched out her arms towards him—at the ſame time the ſtatues claſhed their ſabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and claſped her in his arms; ſhe threw up her veil and kiſſed his lips; and inſtantly the whole building ſhook as with an earthquake, and fell aſunder with a horrible craſh. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a ſudden trance; and, on recovering, found himſelf ſeated on a velvet ſofa, in the moſt magnificent room he had ever ſeen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luſtres of pure chryſtal. A ſumptuous banquet was ſet in the middle. The doors opening to ſoft muſic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing ſplendor, entered, ſurrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces.—She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and ſat beſide him. The nymphs placed themſelves at the table; and a numerous train of ſervants ent[illegible]ng, ſerved up the feaſt, delicious muſic playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not ſpeak for aſtoniſhment—he could only return their honors by courteous looks and geſtures. After the banquet was finiſhed, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the ſofa, addreſſed him in theſe words———

Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld's "Miſcellaneous Pieces in Proſe."

Obſcure ſcholars, by labors which nothing can recompence, have for them procured the knowledge of the ſublime Geniuſes who were ornaments of the world in times nearer to its creation: Orpheus, Zoroaſter, Æſop, Lockman, David, Solomon, Confucius,

and a multitude of others, unknown to antiquity itſelf. It is no more for the Greeks, it is for them that Homer ſtill ſings of heroes and of gods; and that Virgil warbles the notes of the Latin flute, which enchanted the court of Auguſtus, and called back to it the love of country and of Nature. It is for them that Horace, Pope, Addiſon, La Fontaine, Geſner, have ſmoothed the rough paths of wiſdom, and have even rendered them more acceſſible, and more lovely than the treacherous precipices of folly.

A multitude of poets and hiſtorians of all nations: Sophocles, Euripides, Corneille, Racine, Shakeſpeare, Taſſo, Zenophon, Tacitus, Plutarch, Suetonius, introduce them into the very cloſets of thoſe terrible potentates who bruiſed, with a ſceptre of iron, the head of the nations whoſe happineſs was entruſted to their care, leading them to rejoice in their peaceful deſtiny, and to hope for a better ſtill, under the reign of another Antoninus. Thoſe vaſt geniuſes of all times, and of all places, celebrating, independent of each other, the immortal luſtre of virtue, and the providence of heaven in the puniſhment of vice, add the ſanction of their ſublime intelligence to the univerſal feeling of mankind, and multiply in one favor a thouſand and a thouſand times—the hopes of another life, more laſting and more happy!

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

THE encouragement extended to ſcientific enterprize, throughout the civilized earth, eſpecially wherever the genius of man is not broken down by the deſolating arm of oppreſſion, is ſuch as by no means caſts a diſhonor on the human character. No one, in the preſent age, who has made ſucceſsful exertions either in adding to the ſtock of original knowledge, or in refining the maſs already formed, need fear the horrors of a garret hung with cobwebs, a ragged coat, or an abandoned reputation. He is ſure of deſerved patronage from an enlightened world, and equally certain that his name will be hung up as a ſtar in that firmament of ſtars, which emphatically forms a *monumentum ære perennius*. Such, however, has not been the caſe in all periods of the world. Many who toiled hard during the infancy of ſcience,—who aſſiſted in laying the foundation of all knowledge; and who, as it were, formed the materials and the inſtruments, which ſucceeding ages have uſed, dropped ſilently to their graves, and even their names are forgotten in ſtory. To whom the world is indebted for the invention of letters at this late period of time, we are unable to determine. It is equally unknown from any authenticated facts, what was the progreſs of literature in its earlieſt infancy. The ſubject however is important, and may induce a few obſervations, not entirely unintereſting. The invention of alphabetical characters diſplayed ſuch a wonderful artifice, and ſuch a happy effort of wiſdom, that Plato, Cicero and ſome others of the ancient philoſophers ſuppoſed it beyond the reach of human genius, and that it deſcended from the immortal Gods. Sounds and geſtures, were a medium of communication, known probably in the very firſt ſtages of ſociety—but whether they were an immediate gift of heaven, or were the fruits of human exertion, remains, as it ever muſt, involved in uncertainty and doubt. Both theſe methods of communicating ideas, were defective. Nothing could be made known at a diſtance but through the medium of a third perſon; nothing could be tranſmitted to poſterity, but through the corrupt current of oral tradition. Images were next made uſe of, and in this way ſenſible objects were eaſily repreſented. An idea of a horſe, a houſe, a tree, a man, were readily expreſſed by the picture of thoſe various objects. This is the method made uſe of by almoſt every race of barbarous people, in their firſt ſtages of civilization.—It is uſed by the ſavages in the wilds of North America, by thoſe in the interior of Africa and Aſia; and we are informed particularly by the hiſtorians of South America, that the firſt information of the approach of a Spaniſh fleet towards the coaſt of Mexico was made known to Montezuma by means of pictures. The repreſentation of intellectual objects, and the communication of complex ideas, opened a field for ſome farther invention. This difficulty was, however, overcome by means of arbitrary ſigns. Thus, the Egyptians repreſented eternity by a circle, induſtry by the bee, and wiſdom by an eye. The Chineſe proceeded from the hyeroglyphics, to the invention and uſe of an emphatic mark for every idea; and it is ſaid by travellers, that they uſe, in their writing, no leſs than eighty thouſand arbitrary characters. The Peruvians carried the uſe of theſe ſigns to a conſiderable perfection; and by means of knotted cords of different colours and different ſizes, were enabled to expreſs even complex ideas with ſome degree of accuracy. Writing even, at the preſent day, is ſaid to be not very general among the Turks; and when any one wiſhes for communication with a perſon, to whom he cannot have eaſy acceſs, he makes uſe of flowers, woods, fruits, colours, of which he forms a packet, each article having an allegorical ſignification.

But the introduction of ſigns for words and not things; the invention of a few characters which, variouſly blended, might expreſs any idea whatever, was the work of ſome happy genius of one of the eaſtern nations, but of whom, it is utterly unknown. By ſome it has been attributed to the Phœnicians.

"Phœnices primi, famæ ſi creditur, auſi
Manſuram rudibus vocem ſignare figuris."

Others have ſuppoſed letters to have originated among the Aſſyrians, as I have ſomewhere ſeen in an extract from Pliny—"*Literas ſemper arbitror fuiſſe Aſſyrias.*" The invention of letters is aſcribed by Tacitus to the Egyptians; and it ſeems probable that their claim to it is juſt, when we conſider that Moſes carried alphabetic characters from that country, in which he was educated, and that he employed them in compoſing the Pentateuch. About 1500 years before the chriſtian æra ſixteen alphabetic letters are ſaid to have been introduced from Phœnicia into Greece, by Cadmus, the founder of Thebes. Four letters were afterwards invented by Palemedes, a Grecian chief, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf during the Trojan war; and the remaining four, according to Lemprier, by Simonides a celebrated poet of Cos. What was the ſtate of ſcience and the arts among the eaſtern nations, before the introduction of letters, is uncertain. But it is evident that the greater part of their improvement, eſpecially in abſtruſe ſcience, muſt have expired with the individuals who made them, in conſequence of their defective method of tranſmitting knowledge from one generation to another. Arts which are in continual, and common uſe and thoſe ſciences which depend for their advancement on the faculty of invention, or any natural talent, rather than a long ſeries of experiments, might in ſome degree flouriſh. Yet every traveller in the paths of literature, muſt walk alone unaided and unſupported, and would often be obliged to ſtruggle with obſtacles, which thouſands who had gone before him, perhaps, have found ſome eaſy method to overcome. There would be philoſophers, but no ſyſtems of philoſophy, there would be hiſtorians, but no hiſtories, there would be poets but no poems, except thoſe few, which like the effuſions of the Scottiſh bard, touched the heart and intereſted the feelings, and were handed down by tradition. A Newton, might, perhaps, in ſuch an age as well as any other, aſtoniſh and illuminate the world, by the wonderful exertions of his ſtupendous intellect; but no ſooner would he be mingled with his native duſt, than the ſpot which contained his aſhes, would be overgrown with weeds; his name would be forgotten, his precepts neglected and loſt. The poetic genius of a Homer might enchain and enrapture the affections by its ſublime and meliſluous numbers; but, a few ſtraggling verſes, in the mouths of ballad ſingers, would be the only monument to record his memory, after the third or fourth generation. An attempt at perfection in ſcience, without the aid of letters, would be vain and futile. Perfection depends not on the exertions of a ſingle age; but on the continual experience, labors, and lucubrations of many thouſands of years. But ſince this invention, and eſpecially ſince the art of printing, every man may have upon his own ſhelf the fruits of all the wiſdom, that the world ever produced. The copies of meritorious works are ſo multiplied, and ſo widely diffuſed, that no ſpirit of depravity or barbariſm, with which mankind may hereafter be inflated, can ever reach them. On theſe coſiderations, it is a reflection, which the humane philoſopher may indulge with pleaſure, that the civilized earth will never again fall back to a ſavage ſtate; but will continue to increaſe in light, and literature, and refinement, ſo long as the human genius is capable of improvement.

C.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his rent :
He comes—he knocks—ſoon entrance gains ;
Who at the door ſuch gueſt detains ?
Forth ſtruts the 'Squire, exceeding ſmart ;
" Farmer, you're welcome to my heart,
You've brought my rent then !"—' To a hair.'
" The beſt of tenants, I declare."
The ſteward's call'd, accounts made even,
And money paid, receipt is given.
" Well," quoth the 'Squire, " you now ſhall ſtay
And dine with me, old friend, to-day :
I've here ſome ladies wound'rous pretty,
And pleaſant ſparks too, that will fit thee."
Hob ſcratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And ſaid, ' No zur, two words to that.
For look, d' ye zee, when Ize do dine
With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
Ize uſe to make (and 'tis no wonder)
In deed, or word, zome plaguy blunder ;
Zo, if your honor will permit.
I'll with your zarvants pick a bit.'
" Pho," ſays the 'Squire, " it ſha'nt be done,"
And to the parlor puſh'd him on.
To all around Hob nods and ſcrapes,
Not waiting-maid or butler 'ſcapes ;
With often bidding takes his ſeat,
But at a diſtance mighty great :
Tho' often aſk'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam ſerv'd, with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended ;
He reach'd as far as he was able,
To plate, that over-hung the table :
With little morſels cheats his chops,
And in the paſſage ſome he drops :
To ſhew where moſt his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modiſh way,
' Your love's ſufficient, Zur,' he 'd ſay ;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still roſe to make his awkward honors.
" Piſh," ſays the 'Squire, " pray keep your ſitting."
' No, no,' Hob cries, ' zur, 'tis not fitting ;
Tho' I 'm no ſcholard, vars'd in letters,
I knaws my duty to my betters.'
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the firſt courſe was ended well,
But at the next—ah ! what befel !—
The diſhes now were timely plac'd,
And table with freſh lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
Up, as was uſual, ſtands the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his ſervant ſoftly ſpoke ;
" Come hither, Dick, ſtep gently there,
And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and ſtoops to ſit him down ;
But by poſteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his truſty ſeat betray'd,
As men at twigs in river ſprawling,
He ſeiz'd the cloth to ſave his falling.
In vain :—ſad fortune ! down he's wallow'd,
And rattling all the diſhes follow'd.
The foplings loſt their little wits,
The ladies ſquall'd, ſome fell in fits ;
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geeſe, and pidgeons ;
A pear-pie on his belly drops,
And cuſtard pudding meets his chops.
Lord ! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux !
Some curſe, ſome cry, and wipe their cloaths.
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her ſpatter'd gown.
One ſpark bemoans his greaſed waiſtcoat,
One, rot him, cries, he's ſpoil'd my lac'd coat.
Amidſt the rout, the farmer long
The pudding ſuck'd, and held his tongue.
At length he gets him on his breech,
And ſcrambles up to make his ſpeech ;
Firſt ſcrapes his eyes, mouth and noſtril twangs,
Then ſmacks his fingers, and harangues.
' Plague tak 't—Ize told ye how 'twou'd be,
Luck here 's a pickle, zurs, d' ye zee ?
And zome, I'll warr'nt, that makes this chatter,
Have cloathers daub'd with greaze and batter,
That coſt'—He had gone on, but here
Was ſtopt at once in his career.
" Peace, brute ! be gone," the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, " Fly, raſcal, fly."
" I'll tear his eyes out, ſqueaks Miſs Dolly,
" I'll pink his ſoul out," roars a bully.
At this the farmer ſweats through fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Steals off, and cries, " Ay ! kill me then,
Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire
To cool the ſparks and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale, and now I'll try,
Like Prior, ſomething to apply.
This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their ſtation ;
And this may ſhew the wanton wit,
That whilſt he bites he may be bit.

Extract from Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year, the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſs'd :
I ran it through even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory :
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak, ſuch was the proceſs ;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to hear,
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline :
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe : Which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively : I did conſent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs :
She ſwore,—In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it ; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man : ſhe thank'd me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I ſpake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt ;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Inſcription over a Gentleman's Chimney-piece near Barnſley.

To my beſt my friends are free ;
Free with that, and free with me ;
Free to paſs the harmleſs joke,
And the tube ſedately ſmoke ;
Free to drink juſt what they pleaſe ;
As at home, and at their eaſe ;
Free to ſpeak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink ;
Free to ſtay a night, or ſo ;
When uneaſy, free to go.

Lines on Mr. Foot, the ſnuff-manufacturer of Dibdin :

When a man is diſpos'd to beſtow a ſound licking,
Nine times out of ten, he commences by kicking,
Where applied ſhall be nameleſs—though what's applied *to't*
I need hardly mention—you know 'tis a *foot* ;
But here is a *Foot*, who, though curious the caſe is,
Preſumes to aſpire to the king's ſubjects' faces ;
Unmoleſted proceeds, nor cares who oppoſes,
While two thirds of the empire he leads by the *noſes*.

FROM MONS. CATIN.

I periſh of too much deſire,
If ſhe inexorable prove ;
And ſhall with to much joy expire
If ſhe be gracious to my love :
Thus nought can cure my wounded breaſt ;
But I moſt certain am to die,
Or by the ill, by which poſſeſt,
Or by the happy remedy.

I've loſt my miſtreſs, horſe, and wife ;
But when I think on human life,
I'm glad it is no worſe :
My wife was ugly and a ſcold,
My Chloe was grown ſtale and cold—
I'm ſorry for my horſe.

On the ſtatue of King George II. being placed on the top of Bloomſbury ſpire.

The king of Great-Britain was reckon'd before
The head of the church, by all good Chriſtian people ;
His ſubjects of Bloomſbury have added one more
To his titles, and made him the head of the ſteeple.

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